

DOCTOR • WHO

WASTE NOT

PART ONE

Now this is what I call a *rubbish planet*...

... Just *look* at this place. What a *mess*!

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Art JOHN ROSS
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Phew! Where are we, exactly?

This is the planet *Zetheda*. It's the year *3,474,691 AD* slash *Kanga-Bartholomew*.

Which means what, in plain *English*?

That we're a long, *long* way into your future... but clearly not *long enough* for people to have learnt what to do with their *waste*.

Can't be bothered recycling, so they just dump it *here* instead. This whole world's *buried* in the rubbish from nearby planets.

So it's a *galactic landfill site*. And it *smells* like one. What, precisely, are we doing here?

The TARDIS detected an inexplicable *power source* near here. I'm *curious*, that's all...



Curious?
Completely nuts,
more like!

It's such a *shame*...
Zetheda used to be
quite a *beautiful*
planet in the *old days*.



Look out!

Hello! Looks like
the *locals* are
here to *greet* us!



I think
you mean
eat us!

You're
probably right
- *run*!



WHOA!

Martha!
No!



Oof! Who put
that *hole* up
there?

We did.

boinnngg!



We hoped to trap the *Worgoth*... but instead we have caught you.

What, exactly, are you?

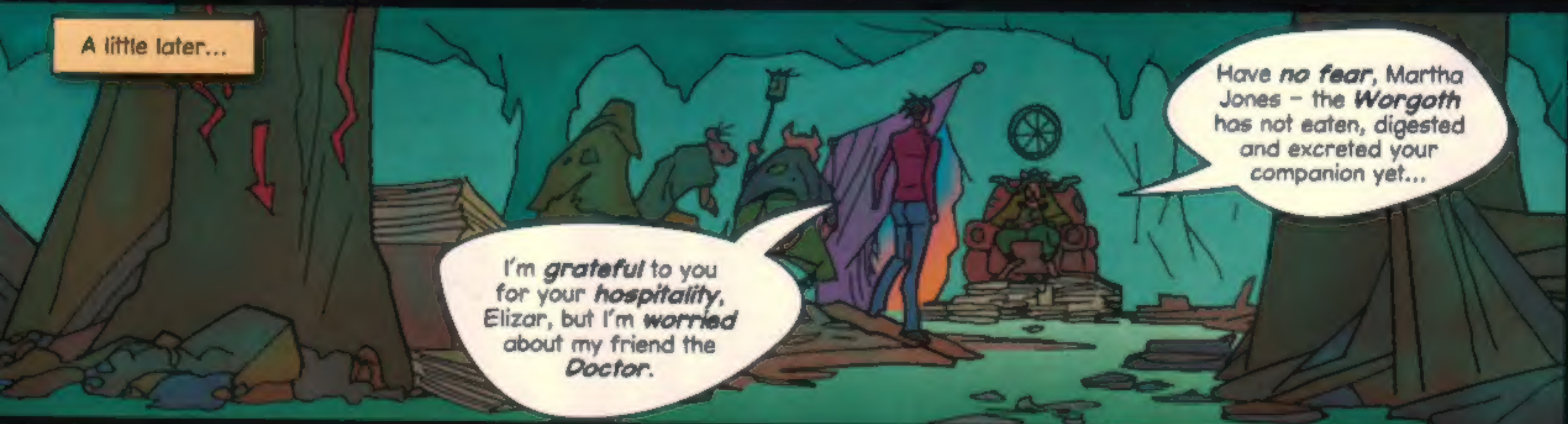


I'm *Martha Jones*. Pleased to meet you!

I am *Elizar*, King of the *Ratlings*. This is our world and you are *welcome* to it.

Thanks. I think I know what you mean...

A little later...



I'm *grateful* to you for your *hospitality*, *Elizar*, but I'm *worried* about my friend the *Doctor*.

Have *no fear*, *Martha Jones* - the *Worgoth* has not eaten, digested and excreted your companion yet...



... we have him *here*!

Hello!

My guards caught him in the *Holy Chamber of Refuse*! The *punishment* for such a transgression is *recycling*!



Good to see you again, *Martha*.

Recycling?

Don't worry - it's a euphemism for a *mandatory jumble sale*. I've already had to give away my *coat* to get this far.



Your majesty, there's no need for any *punishment*... let me show you what I have *found*. I think you'll be *impressed*!

I'd *better*. It's been *ages* since I watched anyone suffering from a good *jumble sale*.



Soon...

What is it?

It is the *Great Orb of Refuse* - the holiest item of Ratling idolatry.

Actually it's an old *interstellar distress beacon*.



It's all that remains of a *crashed spaceship*. I'd say it's been here for close on *ten thousand years*... and it's *still functional*.

That's *Earth technology* for you - built to last!



Earth technology? What's it doing down here with the *Ratlings'* ancient artefacts?


This isn't a chamber of *refuse*, Martha - it's a chamber of *refuge*. The *survivors* of the crash must have installed it in the hope of somebody picking up the *distress call* one day.



But what happened to the *survivors*?

You're looking at them - *human beings* who have lived down here in the trash of Zetheda for *thousands* of years. They've *evolved* into the Ratlings.

Whatever we were... is *ancient history*. This planet belongs to the *Ratlings*.




I have led my people for *many years*, Doctor. We have *everything* we need here. Our only natural predators are the *Worgoth*, but we have *learned* to live with them.

Yet I fear things are about to *change*. Recently the *Great Orb of Refuse* has begun to *glow*... you are a *clever man*, Doctor. Do you know what this *means*?




I've a pretty *good idea*, Elizar... the distress beacon has been *activated*. Someone's picked up the signal and *responded*.


And now it's sending out a *homing beam* - leading them *right here*.



Is this the *power source* the TARDIS detected?




Nah, can't be. Not nearly *powerful enough*.




My lord! A *strange metal beast* has appeared in the over-sky!

Metal beast?

Spaceship. Whoever's responded to this distress beacon - they've *arrived*.



More visitors - more *strangers*. What should we do?



Say *hello*, of course. *Come on!*

